

P O E M S.



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BY

A L A D Y.



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THE MANIAC.

WITH tresses loose flowing and bosom laid bare,
Maria now wanders, a prey to despair.—
She once was the pride of the neighbouring plain,
The bliss of the virgin, the sigh of the swain ;
Love, honour and reverence follow'd her step,
These joy'd when she smil'd—and they sigh'd when she
wept ;
For the breast of Maria, devoid of all guile,
Repell'd of dark envy each treacherous wile,
And rul'd in each heart by the force of a smile.
How chang'd is her fate ! see she wanders forlorn,
Of Nature the pity, the grief or the scorn—
Humanity shuns her—a fated disgrace
To the high vaunted wisdom of man's mighty race.
Yet sure the bright beam which irradiates her eye
Might give all their boasted endowments the lie,

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And

And certain the notes which her misery pours
 Must baffle dull reason's harmonical powers.—
 The tale which the mourner relates to the moon
 Might even an Erskine appall, and strike dumb ;
 While that tint which the pencil of fancy bestows,
 May put to the blush high bred belles and their beaus.

“ How came the fair maniac” you ask “ to this state ? ”
 The tale, my dear Stella, is long to relate ;
 So a plentiful stock of your patience provide,
 And if of a tear I beguile you, don't chide.—

Maria was the lov'liest maid,
 Fair Cam on his fam'd banks survey'd,
 And William was the noblest youth,
 Who vow'd the maiden endless truth ;
 No glittering star with useless fire,
 Proclaim'd the virtues of his sire ;
 Titles nor riches he possest,
 But honour dwelt within his breast ;
 Mild, in his eye her lustre play'd—
 Proud on his brow her throne she made.—
 Their forms were fairer than the flow'r
 Which opens with the matin hour :
 Their hearts were pure, as to the view
 Shine lillies gemm'd with morning dew—
 Can it be wonder'd if the glance,
 Which gave their meeting eyes t'advance,
 Should love in either breast create,
 And stamp the fiat fix'd as fate ?....

The shepherd first the flame confess,
 For modesty her seal had prest
 On fair Maria's maiden lip,
 Where honey dwelt (tho' none might sip);
 But confidence soft smile restor'd,
 She blushing own'd her heart ador'd
 The virtues of the gallant boy,
 Who told she was his only joy.
 Nor did the beauteous maid repress
 Those feelings which she dar'd express.—
 Whom cou'd she fear—her William by ?
 What cou'd she doubt—dear William's sigh ?
 Ah ! no, for there protection hung :
 It dwelt within his eye, his tongue,
 Secure—upon his arm reclin'd,
 She spoke the dictates of her mind
 In guileless accents, which the tongue
 Of heaven-taught seraphs might have sung—
 For she was pure as is the snow
 Which crowns the elevated brow
 Of tow'ring Ætna's height sublime,
 Or Alpine summits, boast of time !

Pale Luna, in her circling sphere,
 Had measur'd round one smiling year :
 And now the lovers mutual glow
 With flames, which neither disavow :
 Pure flames, which like the vestal fire,
 Are destin'd never to expire—
 And now the mutual vow is given,
 And now 'tis register'd in Heaven.

When

When oh!—the stern decrees of fate
 Are sad, are piteous to relate,
 What eye can reach the will to read
 Of him who sanctified the deed?
 Then dare not erring man presume
 To murmur at th' Almighty doom.—

Yes, 'tis decreed—affliction's dart
 Must pierce the centre of each heart—
 William must from Maria part ! !—

Ah ! me, 'twas fixed—(the blissful day)
 Maria should pronounce *obey*—
 Nor did the lovely maid repine
 At a command she held divine ;
 Unlike the flirts of modern school,
 She own'd her William born to rule ;
 And while she his protection claim'd,
 The empty boast of sway disclaim'd—
 “ This he would vow—and sure of this
 “ She'd seal her duty with a kiss.”
 But from this fond, delusive dream
 The lovers wake—ah ! fatal theme ! !

The muse must quit these softer charms
 To sing the woes of war's alarms.—

Loud on the breath of rumour borne,
 Behold the pow'r of war, and mourn !
 Bold flames the Ægis on his breast,
 Loose flies the crimson of his vest ;

His

His eyes two fiery meteors blaze,
 And high his crested plumage plays—
 A murderous falchion arm'd his hand,
 The other grasp'd a flaming brand—
 Nature convulsed, receives the fiend—
 Whole oceans fly—rocks, mountains rend—
 See blinded man a welcome send.—
 Ambition rob'd in Tyrian dye
 Whose pageants pall upon the eye—
 Whose beaming brow's ascending fire
 Almost to Heaven dares aspire—
 Low crouching underneath his feet,
 Does thus his embassy repeat—
 “ Oh haste to us, transcendent pow'r,
 “ Who blot'st a nation in an hour ;
 “ Great god of war thy aid we crave,
 “ Destroy our foes—take all we have—
 “ Our wives—our children—riches—nay,
 “ Our country—and ourselves, we pray.”
 The god assents, a savage smile
 Declares he thinks it worth his while—
 Loud breathes the trumpet—at the sound
 The madding nations gather round ;
 Appall'd they gaze—“ To arms,” he cries,
 “ To arms—to arms !” each chief replies.
 Quick—quick, the magic influence spread,
 The plain is strew'd with kindred dead.
 He threw the brand—earth caught the blaze,
 Each bosom glows with seven-fold rage:
 The hosts engage—their coursers neigh,
 And Nature joins the impious fray ;

Now—

Now—now their clashing swords unite,
Whilst hell with rapture views the fight.—

The muse, who fated to behold
What still to others is untold,
Whose piercing heaven-instructed eye
Must penetrate futurity—
Disgusted, shock'd, beholds the scene,
And turning seeks the peaceful green.
But ah ! what scenes await her here ?
Poor William's sigh !! Maria's tear !!
Oh ! War !! the ills which croud thy train,
I oft lament, but ah ! in vain !!
An angel from the highest sphere
In vain would seek to gain thine ear ;
Open to sighs, all other sounds
Thou shunn'st, all sights save blood and wounds,
Music to thee the widow's groan,
The virgin's sigh, the orphan's moan—
While William now to thy dread fields
Stern pow'r is call'd, Maria yields
To honour, (name too oft miscall'd)
Which now the hero's heart appall'd—
Yes, ever the hero, honour strove
Deep in his ample breast with love,
But love, almighty love has fail'd,
And honour, dreadful name, prevail'd.
From forth the fields of ghastly death
The conqueror snatch'd a blood-stained wreath—
Low at brave William's feet she fell,
“ Thy country sends me”—fatal spell !
'Twas forg'd by ruin—stamp'd by Hell.

“ Adieu,

“ Adieu, my love, I fly to guard
 “ Thy peerless charms, my great reward,
 “ Fear not, thou still shalt be my care,
 “ None but the brave deserve the fair,”
 He said—then hasten’d to the bourn,
 Whence fated never to return.

Maria ! lovely maid ! who now
 Shall soothe thy cares ? who calm thy brow ?
 Ah ! when impending cares invade,
 Where is thy much lov’d William’s aid ?
 Who shall repress the rising sigh ?
 Or stay the tear which dims thine eye ?
 For now affliction (long unknown)
 Presumes to elevate her tone,
 She nearer to Maria draws,
 And thus asserts her rigid laws :—
 “ Think’st thou, presumptuous, to avoid
 “ That pow’r who thousands hast destroy’d ?
 “ My sway the great—the brave confess,
 “ And I the beauteous can distress,
 “ Nay o’er the virtuous lift my rod,
 “ Commission’d by a righteous god !”—
 She said, her sounding lash resounds,
 The downy breast of peace she wounds ;
 See sanguine streams its hue distain,
 While liquid pearls disclose the pain.—

Dear William’s form the fury wore :
 She comes—array’d in hostile gore—
 Pale was her face, her garb disguis’d,
 Those features sunk Maria priz’d—

In matted ropes soft ringlets hung,
 And mute the magic of that tongue—
 She op'd the horrors of her vest,
 There death in terror sate confest.

'Twas thus, in silence of the night,
 (While charnel vapours dimm'd the light)
 She near the slumb'ring fair one drew,
 By her a deadly weight she threw,
 Maria starts, a sudden chill
 Ran thro' her veins, her pulse stood still,
 Three times she rose—the spectre groan'd ;
 Three times she look'd—three times she moan'd.
 While quick her boiling brain turns round,
 Her eye back caught the fatal wound
 A madding fire ran thro' her soul ;
 Along her veins the furies roll ;
 Her heated brain forgot to play,
 She fainted, sunk, and died away.—

She waked—but ah ! no more the same
 As her who fill'd the breath of fame,
 The hapless Maniac wanders far,
 And mourns the miseries of war.

THE FARM HOUSE.

AT a snug little house by the side of a road,
An honest old couple had fix'd their abode ;
There many a summer well pleas'd they had spent,
And many a winter had seen them content ;
Thus they jogg'd on thro' life, arm in arm just the same,
And wonder'd when years and infirmities came.

No walls of rough height did this structure surround,
But before it a paling was plac'd as a bound ;
No gates of stern iron did an access deny
To those who no access by grandeur cou'd buy.
Unlike to those mansions (time honor'd by all)
Where proud slaves in rich liv'ries croud the great hall.
Hark ! the bell loudly pealing proclaims the approach
Of Madam the Duchess, her servants and coach—
Obsequious they fly, see the gates open wide,
While poor Merit is destin'd the cold to abide,
Or deep blushing with shame, she must hide her fair face,
And follow conceal'd in the suite of her Grace ;
But be silent, my muse, nor in gall dip the pen,
Since Merit's not banish'd the haunts of great men
Quite ; Rutland exalts her (of greatness the pride),
See Devonshire place the sweet maid by her side,
While York and the shy one are closely allied. }

Return to our cottage, which we, too unkind,
Like the great ones, have left—and a contrast you'll find ;

Here a latch courteous op'ning at each one's desire,
 Leads you up to each comfort your heart can require ;
 By the side of the gate a neat footstep is seen,
 (To assist the equestrian stranger I ween) }
 And on each side the footstep a carpet of green,
 Which by fairy fingers luxuriantly dress'd,
 No unhallow'd footstep presum'd to have press'd ;
 For here did great Oberon summon his court,
 And here did his queen and her female troop sport.
 In requital, they watch'd o'er their favorite spot,
 With plenty, with peace, and content blest the cot ;
 Exuberance show'r'd o'er the full rising grain,
 Decreed that the flocks shou'd secure range the plain ;
 Nay, even to trifles their caution descended,
 The poultry, the churn, and the orchard they tended ;
 For this I have oft times heard Dolly declare,
 And when back'd by her mistress, deny it who dare.
 Hence the sweet bud of beauty ne'er suffer'd a blight ;
 Ah ! wou'd all her buds had so watchful a spright !

The path was well worn, hospitality's self,
 Giving egress and regress to each wand'ring elf.—

Before the sweet mansion a box tree was plac'd,
 I assure you 'twas cut with a great deal of taste :
 The base was a punch-bowl, of size huge and ample,
 The centre a sugar-loaf, of a good sample—
 The capital crown'd with rum, lemon and glasses,
 Denoted the good folks within were no asses,
 That the heart-clearing goblet, and bountiful board
 For the way-weary traveller always were stor'd.

Let great ones satirical sneer at our dame,
 For the box tree was cut by her hand I proclaim,
 Not heeding how far they're beneath her in fame.
 See they torture the produce of beautiful nature,
 'Till they rob her of every eminent feature,
 Their estates pleas'd resign, in December to buy
 What wou'd taste so much sweeter in bounteous July,
 Beneath the warm glow of her life-giving sky—
 And import the rich fruits of an happier soil,
 To languish, to droop, and to die in our Isle.—
 Leave Dorcas t'enliven her innocent hours,
 In checking her box tree's luxuriant pow'rs,
 Reflect, ye great witlings, she neither expends
 Her riches, her health, reputation or friends—
 Then cease your reflections, nor laugh at the dame,
 But pass your own moments exactly the same.

A vine tree's beneficent branches around
 The walls of this cottage profusely are wound,
 Come, architects, shew composition to match
 The walls of the cottage that's held by a latch ;
 Her foliage, rich tints which command you depart,
 And shew you our nature exceeds your best art.—

We enter, no porter to fee or implore,
 Except in the night to keep thieves from the door,
 When Briton, a bull dog, keen, trusty and bold,
 Is loos'd, and a guard is commission'd to hold :
 But, generous rogue, at the note of distress,
 Behold him the shiv'ring stranger caress,
 Uninfluenc'd quite by the stile of his dress.—

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In the house does the goddess of neatness preside,
 With warm hospitality close by her side—
 In the winter large logs wake the brisk burning fire,
 And bid the bleak season at distance retire :
 See the circle croud round it old stories to tell—
 First, what to poor Roger (benighted) befell,
 How a fire went before, as to shew him the way ; }
 But alas ! tho' it flatter'd, it led him astray : }
 He sunk in a quagmire, and whistl'd for day ; }
 But the night was far longer than ever before,
 He swore it wou'd never be day any more—
 Oh ! “ wou'd the moon rise, or a star shew its head ! ”
 But the moon and the stars were gone quiet to bed ;
 The wind whistl'd shrill as around him it flew,
 It scatter'd his hair as his fingers he blew—
 Chill, chill ran his blood as it crept thro' his veins ;
 And nought but the corpse of poor Roger remains.
 Cold and stiff the next morning his body was found,
 When weeping the parish assembled around—
 In yonder church-yard was the sufferer laid,
 Where dark waves the cypress funereal shade.—
 “ This tale may to youth a good moral convey,
 “ By the false fire of pleasure don't venture to stray,”
 Cried the farmer, “ for tho' at the first it may please,
 “ 'Twill whelm you in ruin, in death and disease.”—
 Hark ! a tap at the window, the circle loud scream,
 Of ghosts, and of Roger benighted they dream—
 'Tis but neighbour Trueman, with chesnuts in store,
 Come to hear one story and tell twenty more.
 Thus with blindman's buff and such joyous delights,
 They blithe pass away the long winter nights—

In the summer, green boughs lend umbrageous shade,
 And on the warm hearth of the Lares invade ;
 The windows with holly in winter are deck'd,
 The crown of that pow'r who presides with respect ;
 In summer the woodbine's soft blossoms intrude,
 Fair jasmine with ev'ry sweetness endued,
 Of roses, carnations, and pinks, such display,
 As might charm the rapt senses of mortals away.—

The furniture beach, white as curds I declare,
 And on each side the chimney a large oaken chair
 Was plac'd for precedence—for master and dame,
 All the pow'r too possessing of thrones (but the name)
 Look'd up to with so much profound veneration,
 That no hardy mortal wou'd there take his station,
 Except those august ones for whom they're design'd,
 In whom goodness and greatness at once are combin'd.—
 The walls nicely whitewash'd were hung with some prints,
 Which were to a good life most excellent hints ;
 While one or two books on the chimney-piece found,
 Shew'd how a true christian in good shou'd abound—
 The last thing I shew is the well-sanded floor,
 And fifty years' almanacks hung near the door,
 Which I open, and follow me ye who may chuse,
 When I promise your labour you shall not quite lose.—

Now here is the parlour, the sanctum of Madam,
 To shew you its beauties, pray trust me I glad am,
 For the key in her pocket she'll constantly keep,
 And hardly a mouse in has courage to creep,
 Except on great days when 'tis opea'd for gentry,
 And then is the temple of peace and of plenty—

On the furniture here all her pains she bestows,
 And trust me that pains its soft surface avows ;
 For here the coquette might contemplate her face,
 And practise unnotic'd each well studied grace.
 In the corner's a cupboard which makes grand display
 Of that present which usher'd the blest bridal day ;
 Old friends and relations, long gone to their grave,
 Are remember'd for aye in the gifts which they gave—
 Fine tea-cups from China (which just hold a sip,
 And cheat with a semblance the fever-parch'd lip) ;
 Large bowls which the bev'rage of Bacchus defy,
 And the virtues of punch carry up to the sky—
 Two tankards for home-brew'd, the Englishman's food,
 Which gives half the virtues which glow in his blood ;
 Let France and fair Italy boast the rich vine,
 Superior to these shall the fragrant hop shine,
 Aloft its soft foliage luxuriantly twine.— }
 The wreath of their country to win and deserve,
 Bold Britons with joy will strain ev'ry nerve ;
 Hark ! in thunder its praises spread wide o'er the main,
 With liberty high in the sonorous strain :
 While the juice of the grape does but tend to inflame,
 To enervate our mind, and to weaken our frame, }
 The fruit of the hop shall raise Albion to fame.
 Here tea spoons and pap spoons are rang'd in a row,
 With punch ladles, milk pot, and tea tongs, you know ;
 While high on the summit (superior confess,
 As now out of use too) mama's gift does rest, }
 In caudle cups, pap boats and coral exprest.
 You now have the riches of Dorcas before ye,
 And so I shall beg leave to finish my story.— }

Up stairs, when conducted, there's nought to be seen,
 Except that the beds, and the bed-rooms are clean, }
 The quilts are neat patch-work—the beds harrotteen ;
 One chamber (distinguished by name o'er the rest)
 Is allotted that blest one fate destines their guest,
 White quilt, and white curtains conspire to adorn
 This room, which were furnish'd before he was born ;
 They were spun by old grannum, and wove in the loom
 Of an honest old weaver long gone to the tomb.—

Well, now to the kitchen, and Dolly, each knows,
 Is as fair and as fresh as the bud of the rose,
 Her kitchen's as clean, and as well sanded o'er,
 As is her lov'd mistress's best parlour floor ; }
 Her coppers and irons are as clean and as bright
 As the moon-tinted clouds in a fine summer's night,
 Herself the chaste planet which lends them their light. }
 Her dishes and plates are arrang'd with great care,
 Aye as much as her mistress's best China ware—
 And she too at Christmas her holly can find,
 With the mirth-loving misletoe ever 'tis join'd, }
 And she too in summer to flow'rs is inclin'd—
 Sweet marjoram scent o'er her kitchen diffuses,
 Old-man too and marigold she not refuses ;
 These blent in a posy young Robin presents,
 While to walk and to chance them the maiden consents—
 And she too has pictures spread proud o'er the wall,
 Here's the ballad of Joan, the enchantress of Gaul,
 The legend of Faustus, of Bacon, and Merlin,
 Prince Arthur, bold Hood, and the hero of Berlin ;
 And here has sly Robin presented the tale
 “ Of the youth who with Susan cou'd never prevail,

" So kill'd himself dead—and his ill-natur'd spright
 " Will never now let ~~them~~^{her} sleep quiet a night."
 And she too has books—for know Dolly can read,
 For tho' " a poor servant—well brought up and bred"
 Was Dolly.—Three years at a neighbouring town,
 A sunday school taught her her wits were her own.

Oh ! spirit of Liberty, look on our Isle,
 As erst with thy fostering, heart-cheering smile :
 Whilst war and rebellion range proud o'er the globe,
 Oh ! save us we pray thee, still blest with thy love ;
 Let not anarchy's fury (misusing thy name)
 Or tyranny's rod ever sink our fair fame ;
 Oh ! spirit of liberty list' to my pray'r,
 And still make Britannia's glory thy care !!!—

To the dairy come next, oh delicious array !
 Of curds, cream, and butter and eggs we survey,
 With custards, and cheesecakes, and good things in
 plenty,
 If good things in this way will serve to content ye.—

Now quitting the house, to the garden we haste,
 And here of the couple again see the taste :
 One part is for use, and the other for show,
 Here cabbages, carrots, and wall flow'rs here grow,
 Sweet pinks, with the tulip and hyacinth tribe,
 Ranunculus, stocks, and the moss-rose's pride.
 Look here is a bank where blue violets bloom,
 And give to sweet zephyrus sweeter perfume—
 While here a small spot is selected with care,
 Where the garden herbs pleas'd to their station repair,

Green

Green parsley and thyme, mint and sage here abound,
 While burrage cool favours profuse strew the ground ;
 Rosemary and lavender fragrance bestows,
 Which is treasur'd with care to make sweeter white
 cloaths ;

Here lilacs, liburnams and fruit trees unite
 To shade with their beauties this spot of delight—
 While the full swarming bee-hive (grand care of our dame)
 Range lords o'er the garden, asserting their claim
 To its odours, its beauties, then give up the hoard,
 Much sweeter than possible ere it was stor'd ;
 But even in this no compulsion is us'd,
 The Mantuan is follow'd—the bees not abus'd ;
 An hedge of fair hawthorn completed the scene,
 Where gay birds (as in sanctuary) nestl'd serene.

By the side of the garden a small yard is kept,
 Where the nurslings of dame in security slept—
 No weazles nor rats cou'd their weakness annoy,
 No fierce raging kites cou'd their nonage destroy—
 Here the hen in her basket clucks loud to her brood,
 She bids them “ attend to her voice, and be good,
 “ As when in the egg-shell their limbs were close pent,”
 They haste to her wings with her shelter content—
 At length (when grown stronger) she leaves them to stray,
 But walks on before them to point out the way,
 Then gives them to liberty—loses her pow'r,
 And never considers them hers any more.
 Oh ! happy estate of the relative tie,
 Here parent nor child can give nature the lie !
 Come here, ye degenerate offspring of men,
 Your duties come learn of the chickens and hen.

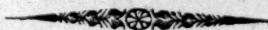
By the side of the house is a farm yard complete,
 Where oxen are lowing, where pigs and calves meet ;
 There turkies are strutting, puff'd up with their pride,
 And with the red ribbon which hangs by their side : }
 Whilst geese hobble on with an insolent stride—
 'Tis the court of the farm-yard, the peacock supreme :
 Hark ! he summons his vassals—good gods ! what a
 scream !
 Around him they flock—see his train he displays—
 Whilst light on his glories expends all her rays ;
 But tho' courted by some, he is laugh'd at by those,
 Who as sons of sweet liberty he esteems foes—
 Hear Philomel mourn o'er his folly so sweet,
 That echo, enraptur'd the strain to repeat,
 Forgets ev'ry other, and listens so long,
 That nature hears nought but the nightingale's song.
 The lark, child of freedom, soars up to the skies,
 Thy theme, independance, he lifts as he flies—
 Hark ! 'tis caught by the chorus—harmonious sounds
 They join—while creation with freedom resounds—
 But the strain is suspended—a ball wing'd by fate
 Constrain'd the sweet warbler be silent too late.
 Thus some fall by freedom and some fall by pow'r,
 And none can avert of stern fate the sad hour ;
 Then let us be quiet where quiet is given,
 And meet unreluctant th'award of high Heaven.

Round are corn fields where autumn abundantly pours
 The gifts of the skies in luxuriant show'rs,
 And hay meads, where lads with their lasses are seen,
 By industry led, strewing wealth o'er the green ;

Here

Here flock their rich treasures profusely display,
While their fleece gleams with gold by the broad eye of
day.

Ah ! why must the meek one petition for life,
While trembling she looks to the murderer's knife !
Stay—stay, thou assassin, nor butcher that lamb,
Lest the deed to eternity's tortures thee damn—
In vain I appeal, for 'tis past the dread blow,
And reason declares that it still must be so.



I.

Here I some youthful hours have spent,
Well pleas'd, a parent's roof forsook,
Yet was that roof my dear content,
Of fond paternal love a proof.

II.

Nor will that love be e'er forgot
While mem'ry holds her place in me :
And yet the humble Toham Cot
Imagination loves to see.

III.

But late I sought its happy walls ;
Ah me the form of pleasure fled !
This sentence my poor heart appalls,
“ Good Fairhead and his wife are dead. —

IV.

IV.

All was the same—the sacred chairs
 In solemn state I there beheld,
 But ah ! I cried, amid my tears,
 “ How diff’rently they once were fill’d.”

V.

The dog was there—the china too :
 An added almanack proclaim’d
 One year was gone, since both withdrew
 To meet that bliss their life had claim’d.

THE END.

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